

## Business Locals.

Notices of Sale, Wants, Swaps, etc., inserted in this Column at 5 cents per line for each insertion. Nothing taken for less than 10 cents.

**FOR SALE**—17 acres, original forest, 1 1/2 miles north of Pickens, \$30 an acre; 75 acres west of Woodall Mountain, 10 acres branch bottom, balance in timber, price \$10 acre, each deal. E. F. Keith, R. F. D., No. 1, Pickens, S. C.

A few first class sewing machines, slightly used, to be sold at greatly reduced prices. Also sewing machines repaired. Call at Craig Bros. O. P. Knight.

Carload of Obelisk Flour just received at H. A. Richey's.

**WANTED**—500 bushels peas; will pay highest market price; cash or trade. nov. 6. tf Ashmore & Nimmons.

Pay your guano bills at once. I can not carry these accounts any longer. Come to see us prepared to make settlement. H. A. RICHEY.

**FOR SALE**—Two 50 saw cotton gins, 1 saw mill, 1 grist mill, 1 40-h. p. A. J. boiler, 1 25 h. p. Eclipse engine. All in good shape. Seven miles west of Pickens court house at Garrett's store with good framed house and all necessary buildings. W. F. Tompkins, Pickens, Route 2. 30 33

### FOR SALE

Will receive bids for sale of 5-room house and lot containing nine-tenths of an acre more or less in the town of Liberty, S. C. until December 15th. Purchaser to pay for papers. Terms to be stated in bid. J. C. O'Dell. Bainbridge, Ga.

### J. D. Moore's Here Yet

A lot of people have ups and downs. But mine have always been down, THAT'S A FACT.

Sometimes I'm glad, sometimes I'm sad, but long to tell my story when we battlewheeled through this vain world. ANOTHER FACT.

I am in the market for Beef, Sheep, Pork and Mutton. Sell a heap of meat, and always like to sell to those who want to buy of me, but don't want to sell to those who don't want to buy of me, because there are enough that trade with me to take all that I can get.

### THE THIRD FACT.

I still buy hides green or dried. I buy anything you got, always want something but can't tell what. So come and see how it will be when you buy your meat from me. And remember the old meat market Moore as in days of yore. The old meat market, J. D. MOORE.

### A. BRANDON TAYLOR,

Civil Engineer,

PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Surveying, Mapping, and Topographical work a Specialty.

### DR. HORTON'S

DENTAL APPOINTMENTS.

Pickens 21 Monday's, Joe Looper's Gin 21 Tuesday's, Six Mile 21 Thursdays, Liberty 21 Saturdays, Of each month, meet him at any of these places by 2 p. m.

### M. C. LONG,

Attorney-at-Law.

OFFICE—Over Postoffice, Anderson, S. C.

WILL—Practice in all Courts in South Carolina

### WARNING NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS are hereby warned not to hunt, fish, cut timber, make roads or in any manner trespass upon any of my lands under penalty of the law. Any person disregarding this notice will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. O. P. FIELD. 2813

### Warning Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to hunt birds, cut timber, set out fire or in any way trespass on our lands—rabbit hunting excepted. S. H. Brown, Mrs. W. T. Field.

### Notice.

All persons are forbidden to trespass my lands. N. O. Cothran.

### Notice.

All persons are hereby warned not to harbor, hire, support or extend credit to my wife, Hattie Byrd, as she has left my home; and I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

### Annual Meeting.

The County Commissioners will hold their annual meeting on Thursday 9th day of January next. All claims against the county not filed on or before this day will be barred. C. E. Robinson, Clerk.

## BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.  
Author of "Graustark"  
Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead and Company

he smiled as he said it. The real princess looked at him with a new, eager expression, as if something had just become clear to her. There was a chorus of coughs and a round of sly looks.

"She could hardly ask you to die," said Yette, addressing him for the first time.

"A princess is like April weather, madam," said Baldos, with rare humor, and the laugh was general. Yette resolved to talk privately with this excellent wit before the hour was over. She was confident that he knew her to be the princess.

"I would like to ask the fellow another question," said Marlanx, fingering his sword hilt nervously. "You say you serve the princess. Do you mean by that that you imagine your duties as a soldier to comprise dancing polite attendance within the security of these walls?"

"I believe I enlisted as a member of the castle guard, sir. The duty of the guard is to protect the person of the ruler of Graustark and to do that to the death."

"It is my belief that you are a spy. You can show evidence of good faith by enlisting to fight against Dawsbergen and by shooting to kill," said the count, with a sinister gleam in his eye.

"And if I decline to serve in any other capacity than the one I now?"

"Then I shall brand you as a spy and a coward."

"You have already called me a spy, your excellency. It will not make it true, let me add, if you call me a coward. I refuse to take up arms against either Dawsbergen or Azphain."

The remark created a profound sensation.

"Then you are employed by both instead of one!" shouted the Iron Count gleefully.

"I am employed as a guard for her royal highness," said Baldos, with a square glance at Yette, "and not as a fighter in the ranks. I will fight till death for her, but not for Graustark."

### CHAPTER XVI.

"BY Jove, I like that fellow's coolness," said Lorry to Harry Anguish, after the meeting. "He's after my own heart. Why, he treats us as though we were the suppliants, he the almsgiver. He is playing a game, I'll admit, but he does it with an assurance that delights me."

"He is right about that darned old fort," said Anguish. "His knowledge of such things proves conclusively that he is no ordinary person."

"Yette had a bit of a talk with him just now," said Lorry, with a reflective smile. "She asked him point blank if he knew who she was. He did not hesitate a second. 'I remember seeing you in the audience chamber recently.' That was a facer for Yette. 'I assure you that it was no fault of mine that you saw me,' she replied. 'Then it must have been your friend who rustled the curtains?' said the confounded bluffer. Yette couldn't keep a straight face. She laughed, and then he laughed. 'Some day you may learn more about me,' she said to him. 'I sincerely trust that I may, madam,' said he, and I'll bet my hat he was enjoying it better than either of us. Of course he knows Yette is the princess. It's his intention to serve Beverly Calhoun, and he couldn't do it if he were to confess that he knows the truth. He's no fool."

Baldos was not long in preparing plans for the changes in the fortress. They embodied a temporary readjustment of the armament and alterations in the ammunition house. The gate leading to the river was closed, and the refuse from the fort was taken to the barges by way of the main entrance. There were other changes suggested for immediate consideration, and then there was a general plan for the modernizing of the fortress at some more convenient time. Baldos laconically observed that the equipment was years behind the times. To the amazement of the officials, he was able to talk intelligently of forts in all parts of the world, revealing a wide and thorough knowledge and extensive inspection. He had seen American as well as European fortifications. The Graustark engineers went to work at once to perfect the simple changes he advised, leaving no stone unturned to strengthen the place before an attack could be made.

Two, three weeks went by, and the new guard was becoming an old story to the castle and army folk. He rode with Beverly every fair day, and he looked at her window by night from afar off in the somber barracks. She could not dissipate the feeling that he knew her to be other than the princess, although he betrayed himself by no word or sign. She was enjoying the

fun of it too intensely to expose it to the risk of destruction by revealing her true identity to him. Logically that would mean the end of everything. No doubt he felt the same and kept his counsel, but the game could not last forever, that was certain. A month or two more and Beverly would have to think of her return to Washington.

His courage, his cool impudence, his subtle wit, charmed her more than she could express. Now she was beginning to study him from a standpoint peculiarly and selfishly her own. Where recently she had sung his praise to Yette and others she now was strangely reticent. She was to understand another day why this change had come over her. Stories of his cleverness came to her ears from Lorry and Anguish and even from Dangloss. She was proud, vastly proud, of him in these days.

The Iron Count alone discredited the ability and the conscientiousness of the "mountebank," as he named the man who had put his nose out of joint. Beverly, seeing much of Marlanx, made the mistake of chiding him frankly and gayly about this aversion. She even argued the guard's case before the head of the army, imprudently pointing out many of his superior qualities in advocating his cause. The count was learning forbearance in his old age. He saw the wisdom of procrastination. Baldos was in favor, but some day there would come a time for his undoing.

In the barracks he was acquiring fame. Reports went forth with unbiased freedom. He established himself as the best swordsman in the service, as well as the most efficient marksman. With the foils and sabers he easily vanquished the foremost fencers in high and low circles. He could ride like a Cossack or like an American cowboy. Of them all, his warmest admirer was Haddan, the man set to watch him for the secret service. It may be timely to state that Haddan watched in vain.

The princess, humoring her own fancy, as well as Beverly's foibles, took to riding with her high spirited young guest on many a little jaunt to the hills. She usually rode with Lorry or Anguish, cheerfully assuming the subdued position befitting a lady-in-waiting apparently restored to favor on probation. She enjoyed Beverly's unique position. In order to maintain her attitude as princess the fair young deceiver was obliged to pose in the extremely delectable attitude of being Lorry's wife.

"How can you expect the paragon to make love to you, dear, if he thinks you are another man's wife?" Yette asked, her blue eyes beaming with the fun of it all.

"Pooh!" snuffed Beverly. "You have only to consult history to find the excuse. It's the dear old habit of men to make love to queens and get beheaded for it. Besides, he is not expected to make love to me. How in the world did you get that into your head?"

On a day soon after the return of Lorry and Anguish from a trip to the frontier Beverly expressed a desire to visit the monastery of St. Valentine, high on the mountain top. It was a long ride over the circuitous route by which the steep incline was avoided, and it was necessary for the party to make an early start. Yette rode with Harry Anguish and his wife the countess, while Beverly's companion was the gallant Colonel Quinnox. Baldos, relegated to the background, brought up the rear with Haddan.

For a week or more Beverly had been behaving toward Baldos in the most cavalier fashion. Her friends had been teasing her, and, to her own intense amazement, she resented it. The fact that she felt the sting of their sly taunts was sufficient to arouse in her the distressing conviction that he had become important enough to prove embarrassing. While confessing to herself that it was a bit treacherous and weak she proceeded to ignore Baldos with astonishing persistency. Apart from the teasing, it seemed to her of late that he was growing a shade too confident.

He occasionally forgot his deferential air and relaxed into a very pleasing but highly reprehensible state of friendliness. A touch of the old jauntiness cropped out here and there, a tinge of the old irony marred his otherwise perfect mien as a soldier. His laugh was freer, his eyes less under subjugation, his entire personality more arrogant. It was time, thought she resentfully, that his temerity should meet some sort of check.

And, moreover, she had dreamed of him two nights in succession.

How well her plan succeeded may best be illustrated by saying that she now was in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. Baldos refused to be properly depressed by his misfortune. He retired to the oblivion she provided and seemed disagreeably content. Apparently it made very little difference to him whether he was in or out of favor. Beverly was in high dudgeon and low spirits.

The party rode forth at an early hour in the morning. It was hot in the city, but it looked cold and bleak on the heights. Comfortable wraps were tak-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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